

CHARIVARIA.

THE latest news from Morocco is that MULAI HAFID is said to have registered an oath that he will not rest until ABDUL AZIZ has become ABDUL AZWAZ.

The second Hague Peace Conference is at an end. There have been many pleasant dinner-parties and social functions, and, before parting, the delegates unanimously recommended to the Powers to arrange for a third Conference.

The City of London Corporation has decided to invite the KAISER to a "dèjeuner" at the Guildhall on the occasion of his visit to this country in November. We understand that a dèjeuner was decided on in preference to a luncheon as being less likely to hurt the feelings of our French friends.

The newspaper reports of Prince RANJITSINGHJI's approaching marriage are authoritatively declared to be unfounded. The Prince has been laid up with enteric fever for the past six weeks, and, in some mysterious way, this got exaggerated into the rumour now denied.

The feeling against Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is sometimes carried to absurd lengths. For instance, on reading that the Admiralty was going to lend the Under Secretary for the Colonies a cruiser for his African tour, a well-known Tory was heard to growl, "Well, I hope the Admiralty will get her back!"

At the sale of a waxwork exhibition at Douglas last week, lot 20, consisting of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. HALL CAINE, fetched 15s., and Mr. CAINE is said to be surprised that the PRIME MINISTER should have been valued at only 2s. 6d.

The Countess MONTIGNOSO and Signor TOSELLI, it is stated, intend to

take up their residence in England. It is said that Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, whom it is the fashion to sneer at in some quarters, is responsible for this great compliment to our country.

At last the man who, a year or so ago, threw his country into a turmoil of excitement by keeping his whereabouts a secret, has been discovered by an enterprising newspaper—but he still refuses to come home. "Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, an Englishman," says *The Daily News*, "has just sailed from Philadelphia in a 44-foot boat for New Zealand."

While admitting that there have been one or two unfortunate police

the singer's mouth, and was swallowed, ultimately dying in great pain.

A History of the World, from Bible Times to the Camden Town Murder, is announced by the Messrs. HARMS-WORTH.

"I often wonder," says a writer in *The Sphere*, "what cab-drivers were before they were cab-drivers." Journalists?

How it strikes a Contemporary.

"One could not help, especially on the first day, being struck by what a proportionately small number of men who, in spite of the heat, wore the now almost universal straw hat"—*The Onlooker*.

"Billiards.

After 60 minutes play:
Rotherham Town 1;
Monkton Athletic 1."
Yorkshire Telegraph.

It seems a near thing. If only one of the clubs could succeed in making a cannon, it would place it in a very strong position.

The Simple Rich.

"In a letter written on a single sheet of Standard Oil stationery, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jun., hands in his resignation to the Bible Class executive."—*Daily Telegraph*.

If we were millionaires we'd write on several sheets just to show 'em.



DURING A STRIKE OF CADDIES.

Juvenile Striker. "CARRY YER CADDIE, SIR?"

blunders recently, Scotland Yard considers it an absurd exaggeration to talk of "The Copper Crisis," as some of our journals do.

Judge TINDAL ATKINSON states that there are no fewer than 70,000 undischarged bankrupts in this country. They nearly all smoke huge cigars.

Croydon Borough Council has decided to allow dogs on the tramcars at 1d. per journey. This should be a great convenience for animals whose masters take them out when they go cycling.

A remarkable incident took place at the Cardiff Musical Festival. While Madame AGNES NICHOLLS was singing, a common house-fly, anxious to get nearer to the music, flew into

Mr. Punch in the Class-Room.

"A MEMBER OF THE SHELL" writes to complain that last week he was set the following question in a mathematical paper:—"The next issue of *Punch* (which is published every Wednesday) will be No. 3456. Give the date of the last issue in which the figures ran thus consecutively."

"Is it not," he remarks, "a pity that a paper presumably intended for amusement should be used in this way as an instrument of torture?"

Our correspondent is a typical schoolboy egoist. He thinks only of himself. He has no thought for his form-master's happiness, or stops to consider how his tutor comes to be so full of quiet fun.

"THE FIERY CROSS."

(See Cartoon on opposite page.)

I.

DEEP peace had now a goodish while
Brooded o'er Belmont's noble pile,
When in the dark before the dawn
The CAMPBELL stretched his arms of brawn,
And sprang from bed like larks that soar,
And lit upon the yielding floor,
And struck a match to pierce the night
And set the Fiery Cross alight,
And by its blaze drew on his gear,
His targe (in case he met a Peer),
His kilt, his sark, his nether hides,
And really nothing much besides.

II.

Forth sped the Chieftain like the wind,
His banner streaming out behind—
"DOON WI' THE LORDS!" By brae and bent,
O'er burn and flood away he went.
Where'er the fiery symbol passed
The capercaillie stood aghast;
The roedeer, couched beside the rills,
Made off like lightning for the hills;
And one could hear each hamlet hum,
"The CAMPBELL's coming! Ay, he's come!"
Dunedin saw him from afar,
And took him for a shooting star,
Until he paused on Arthur's Seat
(Not Whittingehame) to rest his feet
And trim his flame, then off once more
In a bee-line for Rothesay's shore;
From Forth, in fact, to Clyde he flew,
And passed it on to ROBERT CREW.*

III.

The belted Earl sprang forth in air
Looking extremely debonair,
Nor faltered though around his ears
Those callous loons, his brother Peers,
Doomed like himself with all their House,
Flung pellets aimed at old cock-grouse;
But ran, a messenger of Wrath,
Bearing the sign to bold Arbroath,
Where just beneath the Town Hall clock
He gave the thing to Honest Jock.

IV.

Speed, MORLEY, speed! Your lissome legs
Must move like *Tam O'Shanter's* Meg's,
For lo! the Chieftain's self awaits
Your coming by Dunfermline's gates,
Spoiling to try a second spell
Now that his wind is pretty well.

V.

Next Forfar saw the signal burn,
And JOCK was given another turn,
Which wore him out and made him wheeze,
Or he could win to far Dumfries;
Whence, leaving MORLEY in a faint,
SINCLAIR, the warrior, fresh as paint,
Slipped northward, scarcely touching earth,
To rouse the dyeing sons of Perth,

Declined the local whiskey brands,
And left his own in TWEEDMOUTH's hands.

VI.

The Lord of Ocean did his best,
Trailing his sea-boots south-by-west,
Till Glasgow caught the sacred ban
Firm in the fist of RUNCIMAN.
Low burned the rallying sign of war,
A mere election-stump, no more;
And it was soon about to be
Cold ashes only, had not he,
Of those great Heralds best and last,
Blown with his breath a bellows-blast
That set it blazing like a forge—
'Twas Scotia's pride, the LLOYD McGEORGE!
His kilt betrayed his Highland breed,
So did the hose of Harris tweed,
Wherein was thrust his bonnie dirk,
Built for the stalker's bluidy work,
And likewise, wrought of homespun pewter,
His famous 50-bore Peer-shooter. O. S.

THE LEASE.

NINA hasn't been doing many big things lately. We had a picnic of our own, and she got so excited about the water boiling and the wasps and that sort of thing that she forgot all about being Queens and Princesses. Then we went out to tea with the ATKINSON children, and they don't care for NINA's games. Their father has a lot of horses, and they know no end about pedigrees, and what horse won races, and all that. So I've had a rest. Before that NINA had been going about so quick from one thing to another that I didn't know who I was. Once I started as BRUNO, King of the OSTROGOTHs, and then I turned into PRINCE VLADIMIR, the Russian Nihilist; and last of all I was EDWARD THE SIXTH founding a Grammar School in state. She wanted me to be the EMPEROR OF JAPAN after that, but I said I'd had enough.

Yesterday she began again. She told me she'd been to see Dad in the smoking-room in the morning, and he'd consulted her about something that had come in a long white envelope. Dad asked her to read it, and said, "I shall be glad to have your advice." NINA read it through, and she told me it was most interesting. She said it was a Counterpart. I said, "What's that? Is it anything like a counterpane?" NINA said, "Of course not, you silly little boy. It's something written on paper by a great lawyer." I said, "Oh." I couldn't think of anything else. Then she said it had given her an idea. There were people in it, she said, and they did very serious things to one another, and we could act it beautifully. She said, "I will be the said LESSOR—he's one of the people—and you must be the said LESSEE—she's another." I said, "Isn't there anything for Mrs. AUSTIN? Perhaps she'll be offended if we keep her out of it." NINA thought a bit, and then she said there was somebody else in the story, but she couldn't remember his name. She went off to the smoking-room to see if she could find it, and I went to Mrs. AUSTIN in the servants'-hall.

Well, in a minute or two NINA came in, and I saw directly from her look that she'd found what she wanted. She said, "We want you to help us, Mrs. AUSTIN. I am the said LESSOR, and HERBERT here is the said LESSEE. Will you be the said MESSAGE?" Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Mess o' what? Why, whatever is the child talking about? I've got my cooking to attend to

* The author confesses to be shaky about Scots nomenclature, but trusts that the compatriots of ROBERTICK DHU will accept this Gaelicized version of Lord CREW's name.



"THE FIERY CROSS."

CHIEFTAIN C.-B. "GUID SEND THE RAIN DOESNA COME ON AN' PIT IT' OOT!"

[The Liberal campaign in Scotland against the House of Lords is announced to begin on October 5th, on which date the Prime Minister is to address a meeting in Edinburgh.]



THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE, A HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME. BY J. M. G. [Name].



Ethel (to suffering kinsman). "You SHALL HAVE THIS TO-NIGHT, UNCLE—FRIED IN BUTTER!"

directly." NINA didn't get angry. She said, "Mrs. AUSTIN, you don't want to spoil our innocent amusement, do you?" Mrs. AUSTIN said, "How you do run on, Miss NINA. You got that from your father, I'll warrant." At last NINA persuaded her. She told Mrs. AUSTIN that the said MESSAGE was really a French Marquis, who was flying in disguise from the guillotine. The said LESSOR was the jailer and executioner, and the said LESSEE was the jailer's daughter. All Mrs. AUSTIN had got to do was to make love to me, and then force herself through the prison-bars, and go down a rope made of sheets tied together. I was to watch her through the window, and then NINA would catch her and cut her head off. Mrs. AUSTIN said she was always getting her head cut off or something. Couldn't she get off free this time? NINA said she would have liked to let Mrs. AUSTIN off, but she had to do what was in the Counterpart, and she was sorry to say Mrs. AUSTIN had got to be killed.

At last Mrs. AUSTIN said she'd do it, and then we began. I took one of Mum's feathery hats, and hung a tablecloth over my back. NINA wound a bit of red flannel round her neck, and tied Roy's chain round Mrs. AUSTIN, and told her to say in a sad voice, "Twenty years have I been an inmate of this dreadful dungeon. Shall I never see the light of day again?" Mrs. AUSTIN laughed and said a bit of it, and then I came in bringing her bread and water. I said (I got it from NINA), "Despair not, my beloved MESSAGE. Together we will break a bar of your window." We broke the bar like winking, and then I gave Mrs. AUSTIN my handkerchief to hold on

to, and she escaped. But she hadn't gone once round the room before NINA was on to her. "Villain!" said NINA, "thou wouldst fain conspire against the state. How didst thou get here? Say." Mrs. AUSTIN said, "LIZZIE helped me." "What?" shrieked NINA, "my daughter, my innocent prattler, my little LESSEE?" "The same," said Mrs. AUSTIN. "Make haste now, or your father and mother won't get any soup for dinner." NINA gave her a look, and then she ordered Mrs. AUSTIN to kneel up on one of the chairs. "Thy crimes," she said, "have brought thee to the guillotine." Then she chopped her head off with the rolling-pin, which she'd fetched in from the kitchen, and pretended to hold it up to the people. She said, "So perish all enemies of the Republic." I forgot to say she'd told me to faint on the floor. I tried to, but she didn't like it. She said people who fainted didn't gurgle and roll about. They just lay still till somebody came and dashed water in their faces. I told her there wasn't anybody to do that for me. She said, "Child, I should have restored thee myself, for after all thou art my only daughter." I hadn't thought of that.

Our Inglorious Game.

WE can all appreciate the sportsman who sacrifices his private interests for the common good. Such a man appears to be MORLEY, of Notts County, and it is the Nottingham Football News which records his simple heroism.

"Morley increased the displeasure of the crowd by tripping Bridgett, but as the Sunderland flier was going through like a man possessed, it was the only thing the Notts back could do. He played the game for his side."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

ON GOING SLOW.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The inevitable reaction against going everywhere at top speed arrived some little time ago, and nothing's been more *chic* than a caravan or a barge. Instead of boasting about how *quickly* we can get to places, we've gone to the other extreme. BABS, who has a lovely barge, and has been taking parties on it, is quite proud of the fact that, when she was asked to the MIDDLESHIRES' place last month, it took her a week's bargaining to get there. If you've any poetry in you, or any of those ideas that are so profound that you can't even make anything of them *yourself*, bargaining will bring it all out. Little RAY RYINGTON has followed up his *Caravan Chansons* with a volume of *Barge Ballads*. Everyone's reading them. Here's a verse:—

As I gaze at the horse plodding on, plodding on,
As the towing-rope dips and I glide on the stream,

The World, with its madness and sadness, is gone,

And, bargaining, I dream.

I don't like the metre, and I told him so; but he says it's all right, that it's written in *anæsthetics*.

I'd a lovely time caravanning with BOSH and WEE-WEE last month. Their living vans are things of sheer joy. She and I got ourselves up for gipsies, and called ourselves FAA (that's the proper name to have if you're a gipsy—I don't know whether I've put enough a's into it). It used to be simply delicious arriving in the evening at one of those sleepy, out-of-the-world villages in the *Hundred of Something*, where there are Roman remains and you can't get anything fit to eat, and lighting our fire, after we'd drawn up our vans on the village green or somewhere, and cooking and all that. BOSH refused to make himself look picturesque, and rather spoilt things. We'd only one unpleasant happening, and that was when we fell in with (and fell out with) some *real* gipsies—most shocking creatures, my dear, who slanged us in a horrid jargon that BOSH said was *Romany*.

But the VIVVY FLUMMERYS had an even horrid adventure when they were caravanning. It was at a remote little place, and while they were drawn up for the night their horses were stolen. So there they were, *plantés là!* VIVVY and their men went off to look for the horses, and poor DORTY was left all alone by herself, lots of village creatures with

high colours and yellow teeth coming round to stare at the vans, and making remarks on her whenever they caught sight of her. DORTY's one of those timid, fearful little women that one meets sometimes even to-day, and she got frightened, and thought perhaps they'd put her into the pound or the stocks or something; and when VIVVY came back she clung to him and cried, and said he must never, never leave her like that again. He hadn't found the horses or heard anything of them; and a beadle, or whatever they call it, came out of the village, with all the yokels following him, and told them they'd got to clear off—the Lord of the Manor didn't allow caravans there for more than one night, or some nonsense of that kind. "But how can we clear off without our horses?" said VIVVY. "I don't know anything about that," said the fellow. "You've got to clear off." (Aren't those yokels maddening creatures? Talk of *Back to the Land*, indeed! If it makes people so stupid and aggravating, better not go back to it, I should say.) "Speak more civilly," said VIVVY. "D'you know that I'm So-and-so?" "Oh, I daresay!" said the creature, while all the other yokels set up a guffaw. "All you show-people give yourselves fine names. Why not say you was the PRINCE OF WALES at once? 'Ere comes a gentleman riding along as 'll soon make you clear off—this is the Lord of the Manor, this is." And so it was; and it was also JACK MAINWARING, and there was a great meeting, and the yokels abased themselves in the dust.

Both caravanning and bargaining have one great advantage,—they're very becoming, they give a restful, contented expression, and stamp out that look of horror and expectation of instant death that high-speed motoring gives some people. JOSIAH says he'll have some lovely vans built, and we'll go caravanning together next summer; but I tell him that's not the idea of caravanning, and that he really must get rid of that notion that we're always to be together, and do everything in a duet. "We shall get on much better," I said, "if we don't see too much of each other. Look at the CROPPY VAVASSORS! What a comfortable couple they are! And not long ago they passed each other as strangers at Waterloo station, because, since they last met, he'd grown a beard, and she'd got different coloured hair and the new expression."

"Well," he said, "that's not my

idea of marriage, and never will be. The TREZYLLYANS go caravanning together, and they're married."

"Yes," I said; "but BOSH and WEE-WEE are a couple in a thousand. They're regular pals in spite of being married!"

I've got a new pet. I hope darling *Pompom* won't get ill with jealousy. It's an enormous tropical spider—the sweetest creature!—with a dozen eyes and equally full measure as to legs. It's simply most awfully clever and affectionate, and I'm sure knows my whistle already. I've had the *daintiest* tiny gold-wire harness made for it, studded with jewels, and a slender gold chain attaches it to a bracelet or a ring. Its diet is chiefly *fly*; I'm always catching them for it, and everyone who loves me goes and does likewise. The darling has one *supreme* merit—Aunt GOLDIE is so frightened of it that she never comes near us now. She says that if it bit her she'd have to keep on dancing the tarantella till she died! She needn't be afraid. The biggest and most awful spider in the world, putting in its very *best* work, couldn't make *her* dance!

I call it *Jack*, but NORTY says I've just as much reason for calling it *Jill*. He *docs* say such absurd things! Ever thine, BLANCHE.

BOO!

It's too bad of Mr. GALSORTHY. Why won't he let me play the *beau rôle*? It often happens that when an author has made a distinct success the critics all condemn his next work by comparison, and then it is so pleasant and distinguished to stand out and reassure him. But in the case of *Joy* there is no chance at all; one can only, as an honest critic, boo with the rest, with a sob in one's voice, and hoping he will not notice one. *The Silver Box* was a fine play, a play with an idea in it, freshly "observed," and marching grimly along to a conclusion. *Joy*, too, has an idea, but it is dully stated, working among uninteresting people, and reaching no conclusion at all. A married woman is placed between her love for her child, a girl of sixteen, and her passion for a man who is not her husband—the man and the situation being intensely repulsive to the child. There is your "conflict of wills," to be sure, but nothing comes of it. The girl implores her mother to give the man up, the woman states her case—her neglect by her husband and her desire to "live her own life." And that is all. The girl's attention is simply dis-

tracted by a fatuous youth who makes love to her, and the curtain falls. The rest of the play is irrelevant talk and irrelevant people. I am far from objecting to them on that account, not being a purist in these things; but the talk and the people are alike commonplace, and that will not do. It seemed almost impossible that the play was the work of the same man who wrote *The Man of Property* and *The Country House*, to say nothing of *The Silver Box*. Joy, indeed! It was a bitter disappointment, and I am very angry indeed with Mr. GALSWORTHY. Boo!

There was not much more chance for the players than for the benevolent critic. Miss DOROTHY MINTO, as the girl, had the best, and used it admirably. It was the most difficult part she has had. Her militant young "suffragette" in *Votes for Women* was more effective, but there she had the advantage of a direct model, which makes a vast difference, as any actor knows; in *Joy* she had to express her idea of a high-spirited, affectionate young thing, and she did it very well indeed. I was sorry for the actress who played a parlour-maid, and had to do a little dance with a champagne bottle alone on the stage; she must have known it would not amuse us, and I nearly wept. Boo, Mr. GALSWORTHY, boo! RUE.

A SHORT CUT TO JOURNALISTIC SUCCESS.

To judge from several recent magazine articles and volumes the question how to succeed in journalism is as popular as ever. A new suggestion is now ventured for the use of rising young paper-men. If the manufacturer of patent medicines advertises, why should not the manufacturer of literary articles? The former is not satisfied with the mention of his article in a chemist's price-list—why should the author be contented with the mention of *his* article in the Editor's contents list? Here are a few samples:—

ENDYMION SMITH.

Column furnisher and page decorator.

Every description of literary article ready made or to measure.

Write for dainty sample paragraph containing five of my choice paradoxes free.

Special note.—Any strength of humour, mild, medium or rib-splitting, furnished to order.

ENDYMION SMITH.

Largest Trade.

ENDYMION SMITH.—Last week



A TRAGEDY OF THE GUTTER.

Kind Lady. "WHAT HAVE YOU LOST, LITTLE BOY?"

Boy (sadly). "JAM TART, MUM."

19,000—Nineteen thousand—words by ENDYMION SMITH appeared in the London Press alone.

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ENDYMION SMITH does NOT rely on quotations from the poets in order to fill his columns.

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ENDYMION SMITH.

Clearance Sale.

ENDYMION SMITH begs to announce that, beginning Tuesday next, the 8th inst., he will hold a Clearance Sale of Rejected Articles which, though they have lost their first

topicality, will be found excellent in every respect.

Colonial and provincial newspaper editors should write for catalogue.

Special Lines.

Five smart snappy articles on the South African tour, usual price £2 2s., reduced to 10s. 6d.

Twenty-three MSS. dealing with Ping-Pong, usual price £1 5s., now offered at 7s. 6d., or three for one guinea.

Seven articles on the Soap Trust, usual price £2 10s., reduced to 12s.

Fifteen choice illustrated articles on the Channel Tunnel, originally offered at Three Guineas, now offered at 12s. 11d., &c., &c.

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THE M.P.'S HUSBAND.

["As a reason for trying to commit suicide at Helsingfors, the husband of one of the women deputies in the Finnish Parliament states that his wife is so occupied with political work that she neglects her home. . . . The police state that he is suffering from lack of nourishment."—*Daily Mail*.]

Joy filled my bosom, joy and pride,
When it was told to me
That GRETCHEN, my beloved bride,
Was written down M.P.
I loved the fame of GRETCHEN's name,
Yet even more sincerely
I loved the screw that GRETCHEN
drew—

About two hundred yearly.

No longer shall I toil, thought I,
O'erwrought and underpaid,
No longer need I basely ply
The pickaxe and the spade;
Life will be found an endless round
Of lager-beer and pleasure,
And I may smoke 'mid envious folk,
A gentleman of leisure.

Fond, foolish fancies! All too quick
I realised my doom.
I had but changed the spade and pick
For scrubbing-brush and broom;
I rose at six to chop the sticks
And boil the morning kettle;
I bathed the twins, stuck safety-pins
In little HANS and GRETEL.

I lived retired as any mouse;
Abroad I dared not roam;
While GRETCHEN slacked it in the
House
I laboured in the home.
I trimmed her hats, likewise the
brats'—
I toiled like slave in galley,
In short, I played cook-parlour-maid-
Nurse-tweeny-butler-valet.

'Twas bad, yet soon was I to find
It might be even worse,
For GRETCHEN had a frugal mind,
And GRETCHEN had the purse.
"And since," said she, "as your
M.P.,

My *eyes* will be rising,
It's plain that you will have to do—
The whole economising."

So now I've scarce a *sou* to spend;
We've nought but bread to eat;
But, though I find the meat may end,
Alas, the ends won't meet;
The house is bare, we're in despair,
And who would dare to blame us
If we give way and curse the day
When GRETCHEN first grew famous?

"Lord Rosebery's favourite reading is the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. He always has a volume beneath his pillow."—*Answers*.

WHY not try one of those little book-rests?

THE DICKENS LOVERS.

THE presence of the crippled Tiny Tim in *The Christmas Carol* has enabled Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, the Lord Mayor and the cripples' friend, with perfect propriety to introduce a new edition of that classic to the public, in a preface containing proofs of his and Lady TRELOAR's enthusiasm for DICKENS. Such an example could not fail, in an imitative world, to bear fruit, and no one will therefore be surprised by the following announcements:—

THE LIPTON "PICKWICK."

Sir THOMAS LIPTON's edition of *The Pickwick Papers*, with an appreciation by the yachting baronet, and a specially designed cover, will be published almost immediately. An advance copy of Sir THOMAS's admirable and illuminating preface, which also is not without value as a piece of self-revelation, informs us that it was the Fat Boy who first kindled Sir THOMAS's passionate interest in CHARLES DICKENS, the question being continually in his mind: How did the Boy grow so fat? After considerable thought, Sir THOMAS arrived at the conclusion that such a condition of adiposity could have been attained only by a consistent diet of the best bacon and the best butter. Hence his affection for the novel, and hence this new and handsome edition of *Pickwick*. We quote a little from the preface:—

I may add, DICKENS has since then always been to me something more than an author. I have felt him to be an inspiration as well. I often say, "What the Dickens!" quite involuntarily, a proof of his command of my sub-conscious as well as conscious thought.

Sir THOMAS also tells how he used to read *Dickens* to the captains of his successive *Shamrocks* during calms, and adds the number of his branches.

THE NEW "DOMBEY AND SON."

From the chief artificial limb-maker to Guy's Hospital, where, it will be remembered, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen were students, Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL have been fortunate enough to extract a preface to *Dombey and Son*. From this very touching foreword we are permitted to make a quotation:—

DICKENS' beautiful and never-sleeping sympathy with one-armed men cannot be too much insisted upon. Captain Cuttle is one of his most delightful characters, and the fact that he has a hook instead of a hand, although you are never permitted to forget it, is never allowed to interfere with his charm. Only a man of genius could have invented Captain Cuttle, and perhaps I alone of living men know how true to life he is, owing to my vast

experience. There is no better antidote for a child under the sinister spell of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan* than to read *Dombey and Son*.

A SECOND "DOMBEY AND SON."

Meanwhile another firm announces a rival edition of *Dombey and Son*, edited by a well-known cash dentist, whose claim to come forward as the new patron of the novelist, is founded—and we must admit well founded—on Mr. Carker's rather too noticeable, if excellent, teeth. In his preface the cash dentist remarks:—

Where I should be now had it not been for Charles Dickens, I cannot say. I used to read him day and night. From each book I received a fresh stimulus. *The Old Curiosity Shop* almost sent me into the Punch and Judy line; *Martin Chuzzlewit* turned me towards architecture; but it was not until I read *Dombey and Son* that I saw my destiny clear. Mr. Carker's teeth allured me into dentistry, and I now make the best guinea set in London. I am also famous for my painless extractions, with the assistance of DICKENS' (or Laughing) Gas.

THE GAMAGE DICKENS.

Mr. GAMAGE has gone farther than his rivals in the editing business. He has prepared a complete set of the works. His reason for doing this is so interesting that we quote it in his own words:—

After years of study of this famous writer, I am convinced that he is the only man in English literature who could have invented my name. That is why I am so drawn to him; that is why I have prepared a complete edition of his matchless works for sale in my emporium . . .

Incidentally Mr. GAMAGE refers to the craze for Diabolo, and the excellent opportunities now offered to the purchaser of footballs—asides which, we are sure, DICKENS would have immensely appreciated.

"Generally," said Mr. Plowden, "when it comes to a war of tongues between husband and wife, the wife can hold her own."

Daily Express.

THEN why doesn't she hold it a little more firmly?

"The members of the two teams were public school boys with homes in the Colchester and Witham districts. Representatives of most of the great schools took part."—*Essex County Standard*.

We feel that Mr. MILES should be informed of this.

"The demand for capable domestic servants in New South Wales is so great that the Agent-General is offering assisted passages at £3. The distance to Sydney is about 14,500 miles, so that the fare works out at less than a half-penny a mile."—*Daily Express*.

You can't catch these Tariff Reformers in arithmetic; they refuse to take any risks. It is extremely un-sporting of them.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

UNDERSTRAND-ON-SEA.

(After Dr. Andrew Wilson.)

THE Great East Anglian Railway stops short of Understrand by a mile or so, so that unless he prefers Shanks's mare or his bicycle, the visitor has to rely on omnibuses or flies to transport him to his goal. (These vehicles, I should mention, to avoid disappointment, are horse-drawn, and have for the most part four wheels.) But when you do arrive, you will be, unless of an exacting disposition, delighted with your quarters and the surroundings. The sea is unmistakably saline, rising and falling with the tide, and though erosion has been at work in the past, its operation has been checked by a stout sea wall, and the citizens of Understrand possess their souls in patience, thanks to the town's spirited defence against the encroachments of the marine element. But what lends such a peculiar charm to the place is the fact that it possesses not only a pier and a promenade, but a parish church. From the cliff beneath which the town nestles you look down on the pier; while conversely, and *ex ipso facto*, you look up to the cliff from the pier, which runs out quite a considerable distance into the sea. From the end, I have been assured on good authority, hardy swimmers are occasionally wont to plunge into the briny ocean, returning to land invigorated and refreshed by their dip. Less adventurous persons, however, prefer to bathe from the beach, which is equipped with numerous handsome machines. The hotels are varied, some being quite palatial, while others are better suited to the purses of those who only enjoy a modest competence. There are also boarding-houses and lodgings, while at the Post-office a constant supply of fresh stamps is kept to satisfy the requirements of assiduous correspondents. What lends, however, a peculiar and extraordinary fascination to this remarkable seaside resort is its airy and breezy atmosphere, which is entirely unlike that of Pimlico or even Brixton. The walks and drives round Understrand must not be neglected by those who are addicted to pedestrian or equestrian exercise, while invalids are in the happy position of being able to indulge in vicarious locomotion, thanks to the accommodating enterprise of the local bath-chair proprietor, who, strangely enough, rejoices in the un-



Cyclist (springing off). "YE'VE NO BUSINESS SHOOTING ACROSS T'ROOD THAT WAY! OTHER SIX INCHES AND I SHOULD HA' BEEN A DEAD MAN!"

Sportsman. "WELL, W-WHY DON'T YOU RING YOUR B-BELL?"

usual and charming name of HOPKINSON. What constitutes, however, the chief charm of breezy Understrand, is its Golf Links, which contain the exceptional number of eighteen holes. The record score for the course, strange to say, was made by the local professional, and is several strokes lower than that achieved by the best amateur in the district. The links are laid out along the cliff, and are consequently on a higher level than the beach; but a sense of excessive elevation can always be obviated by keeping the eyes fixed on the "hinterland," which has a flatness which lends a peculiar charm to the landscape of this charming neighbourhood.

Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?

"The Mayor's love of sly humour never deserts him. Even at such a dignified gathering as the unveiling of the tablet his Worship let slip a characteristic fragment of fun. Just as the Company were about to move the Mayor turned to Mr. Hack and gravely announced: 'I will now unveil the tabloid!'"—Local Paper.

IF MR. HACK had only had the courage of his name— But we all let our opportunities slip. Still, what else was he there for?

Commercial Ambiguity.

"USE Dr. — Sachets de Toilette, and mothers and daughters will look like sisters."—Gentlewoman.



Master. "THERE WAS SOME DEVILISH BAD DRIVING IN THAT LAST BEAT, JOHN."
Yorkshire Keeper. "AY—AN' SOME DOM POOR SHOOTIN'!"

DIABOLO NOTES.

CONSIDERABLE dissatisfaction has been expressed with the constitution of the M.D.C. team for Australia, which leaves these shores in three weeks time in its endeavour to recover the bobbins. In the opinion of competent newspaper experts the team would be far more likely to uphold the honour of England successfully if it had been leavened with a certain proportion of youth. Age and experience certainly count for something in all games, and there can be no exception taken to the maturity of the captain of the team, MASTER THOMAS BUDGE, who at fifteen is little, if at all, past his prime. But the striking fact, revealed in our special edition yesterday, that there is not a single player on the side who is under seven, has been severely commented upon by good judges of the game. Is it too late to ask SONNY TOMPKINS to complete the side?

All lovers of the game will hear with regret that the split between the Diabolo Association, Ltd., and the Amateur Diabolo Association, which has been threatened for so long, is now an accomplished fact. Mr. CLOGG, the dictator of the D.A., Ltd., has decided to boycott all members of the A.D.A. For some time it was uncertain whether Mr. CLOGG (Ltd.) would allow the Inter-University match to be played; but that difficulty has now been surmounted. The boycott works particularly unfairly in the case of private players. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, for instance, by neglecting to affiliate himself to Mr. CLOGG, is now debarred from tossing the bobbin to any member of the Brixton Wasps D.C.,

while any player who had joined the Duke in a game at Chatsworth would be *ipso facto* ineligible for the chairmanship of the D.A. (Ltd.).

By the way, the 'Varsity match is generally regarded as likely to be a walk-over for Oxford, seeing that they can rely upon the services of a Chinese Rhodes scholar from South Africa who, in his native land, has caught the bobbin 193,827,111,172 times (old style) without letting it touch the ground.

GOLDEN RULES FOR DIABOLO.

(Contributed by SONNY TOMPKINS.)

1. Rest lightly upon the ball of the foot. Bend slightly to the right, and pick up the bobbin upon the string. Then spin rapidly, and throw into the air.
2. To catch the bobbin again, hold the right stick up in the air, and endeavour to persuade the object to return to its string.
3. Persevere.

The great match between Mr. JOHN SMITH (aged; 13 st. 7 lb.), the well-known Ealing householder, and his little boy JOHNNY (3 yrs.; 2 st. 3 lb.) will take place this afternoon at "The Willows." JOHNNY is conceding his father 2,000 start, the match being one of 2,025 up.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

The Willows, Ealing:

JOHNNY SMITH, jun. (in play), 2,024.

JOHN SMITH (in bed), 1.



THE HARMLESS NECESSARY CAT.

BRITISH LION (to Russian Bear). "LOOK HERE! YOU CAN PLAY WITH HIS HEAD, AND I CAN PLAY WITH HIS TAIL, AND WE CAN BOTH STROKE THE SMALL OF HIS BACK."
PERSIAN CAT. "I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING BEEN CONSULTED ABOUT THIS!"



Old Coachman (exercising superseded carriage horses). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, WHEN THE LADIES WENT OUT WITH ME, THEY USED TO TAKE A PRIDE IN MAKIN' THEMSELVES LOOK NICE; BUT WHEN THEY GOES OUT IN THAT BLOOMIN' THING, THEY LOOKS LIKE PATIENTS OUT OF ONE OF THEM EYE AND EAR HOSPITALS!"

A SOCIETY MOTOR-DOG.

(As Observed by Our Own Special Aberdeen.)

I WAS for taking no notice of him, sic a meeserable objec' they'd made o' the puir crittur. But he cam danderin' up, and says he, in his fine London sniff, "Can you tell me, my good dawg—?" when I took him up short. "Whosever guid doug I mebbe," says I, "I'm no yours ony gait!" He tellt me he'd meant naething beyont an ordinar form o' civelelty fra' ane doug to anither.

"Ye'll no be a doug, I'm thinking," says I, "wi' a plaidie coat and yon bit goggles across your neb. I'se uphaud ye'll be some kind o' freak beastie," I says (kenning fine hoo it was a' the time). He said I must excuse him smiling; he was a richt doug, he could assure me, and a pedigree ane intil the bargain—but he just chanced to be in his motoring-kit—perhaps I wasn't accustomed to riding in a motor-car?

"Na," says I, "nor dinna wis' to be, gin I couldna' do 't wi'oot being dressed oot sae rideeculous!" "You don't understand," he says. "When you're once in a car, you don't care for appearances. I don't look a bit more ridiculous than my good host and hostess, the WOLFRAM WEGSCHWEINS." "I'm no in a posection to contradic' ye," says I, "but I wad obsairve 'at ye're no in your car the noo."

"It's like this, you see," he tellt me, "I've just

been with Mrs. WEGSCHWEIN to my outfitter's in the Burlington Arcade. You wouldn't have heard of him, of course, but he's the one man in London who can turn out a dog decently." "I see," says I. "An' sae he turned ye oot?" "I'd been trying on," he says, "and then she began choosing my new pocket-handkerchiefs—"

"Presairve's!" I cried. "An' whaur's the use of a hankie to the likes of you?"

"To wipe my nose with, of course!" he says. "She does that—whenever I require it. In the circles I move in every dog has his own set of lace-edged pocket-handkerchiefs. But she was such a time deciding on the colour—"

"She wad be that," says I. "Doug! do ye no realise it's a tairrible important queistion?" I was just drawing his leg—but he didna see 't. "I know," he says. "Still, there's a limit to everything, and I got bored at last. So I slipped quietly out, just as I was, meaning to get home on foot, you see. And somehow, not being much in the habit of walking, I've managed to lose my way. So I thought you might perhaps be able to direct me to Park Lane."

I said I wad set him on his way, being acquent wi' a fox-terrier 'at lived in a mews no that faur aff, sae on we went thegither, though I canna say I was proud to be seen wi' sic a doited body. It was just peety. And he began blethering about the excitements o' motoring, and how glorious it was rushing along, leaving a trail o'

dust behint as faur as the eye could see, whirling roond sharp corners and through villages, and passing every other car on the road. "At the pace we go," he says, "if I didn't have these motor-goggles on, my eyes would get inflamed in no time." "An' what for would ye go sic a speed?" I speired at him. "To get from place to place the sooner," says he.

"Nae doot," I says, "your leddy's time will be dreidfu' valyable?" He couldna say she seemed to have anything in particular to do, beyont playing Bridge and attending to him. It was just that she liked travelling fast. The STAUBMACHERS, and the YARDLEY-EVERESTS—in fact, all their set did. And FRANCOIS, the chauffeur, naturally wished to get the best he could out of the car. Syne he sat doon suddenly, and began to scratch, which gave me a better opeenion of him, being the first natural doug-like thing he'd done yet. But the next meenit he spoilt it a' by remarking that he couldna think hoo he'd got them gin they hadna' come fra' mysel! "Havers!" I says, "ye ken fine there's nane of us can speak wi' cairtanty in sic maitters." But he insisted they were no his, because he was bathed all over by his man every morn wi' heliotrope-soap. "Aweel," I says, "wi' sic treebulations as yon, ye needna' fash over trifles. And I'm thinking ye'd mebbe get mair results gin ye were to kick yer fut oot o' yon bit broun bootie."

He couldna get it aff, he tellt me, JAMES, the second fitman, having laced them on too tight the morn. "I fancy," says he, "from certain things JAMES said, that he doesn't altogether like having to do it."

"It's just possible," I says, "but what for wad ye be wearin' boots at a?" "For fear of getting wet feet," he says. "I'm so terribly liable to chills. Indeed, I never go motoring without my own little nickel-plated footwarmer."

"Set ye up!" says I. "It has," says he, "I assure you that, but for our motor-car, I shouldn't be alive now!"

"Fegs!" I says, "an' that's mair nor mony a doug could testify!"

"Ah," says he. "We have had accidents—most regrettable ones. They quite shook my nerve for a time—my nights were sadly disturbed afterwards." "Mebbe," I says, "ye'll have had a kink in your basket?"

"I don't sleep in a basket," he says, "I've a curtained bed, with pillows and blankets with my monogram on them—like a Christian's."

"And what for no?" says I. "Poor Mrs. WEGSCHWEIN," he goes on, "is just as upset by these occurrences as I am. More so, because, as she sometimes says, she's 'perfectly dotty about dogs.'"

"I can vera weel believe it," I says, looking at him. "But what beats me is hoo ye baith pairseest in what must be dreidfu' distressing to your feelings."

"My good fellow," he says, "when you've got a 90 h.p. Foudroyant that can do its fifty miles an hour it's too absurd to expect one to crawl along at under twenty! Besides, you wouldn't believe how stupid some of these provincial curs are about not getting out of the way in time! But so are poultry, for that matter, and children. Though I will say they're all gradually coming to understand that the roads don't belong to them."

"They'll nae doot be pairt o' the WEGSCHWEIN policies?" says I. "They may be," he says, "for all I know. They're rich enough to buy up most things. And, as I've often heard old WEGSCHWEIN remark: 'It's no earthly use for people to try to obstruct the progress of what has become a great national industry.

If they're so pig-headed or so behind the times as to go on walking or driving they must either make roads of their own, or stay indoors.'"

"Ou ay," I says, "there's nae getting oot o' that." He tellt me I was mair intelligent than he'd thoct, and he'd be mighty pleased to exchange cairds wi' me, only, maist unfortunately, he'd left his caird-case inside the pocket o' his afternoon-calling coat. Ye'll scarce believe 't," I says, "but I've neither veesitin-cairds nor poakets mysel'."

"Paw devil!" says he. "I forgot for the moment you were still uncivilised. And now I needn't trouble you any further. I know this street quite well. Here comes our Foudroyant, with Mrs. WEGSCHWEIN inside and FRANCOIS steering. They'll be relieved to find I'm safe. Good-bye. I've just time to nip across the road before. . . ."

He made a grand mistake there. I doot he didna make sufficient allowance for bein' in his bit booties, let alone the fur-lined coat and goggles. I couldna help gruttin' sair for the puir beastie, though I'm no saying I was a'thegither sae overcome as his leddy, who, fro' the skirl she set up, micht a'maist ha' been rinned o'er her ainsel'!

I canna think he wad be sic a loss as a' that to the community at lairge—though, guid kens! I wouldna speak too hairdly o' the corp, for it wad tak an awfu' strong-minded doug to consort wi' sic-like fowk as yon and no become corruptit.

F. A.

THE NEW CURE.

[A hop-pickers' encampment, composed of people of good social standing, who resolved to go down into Kent for the benefit of their health, has been attended with no little success.]

DEAR PHYLLIS, you'll wonder what reason

Has brought me to Kent, and I'm sure
You'll smile, for I'm here for the "season,"

And picking the hops as a cure.
Perhaps you will think I am frantic—
Don't worry your fond little breast,
For "hopping" is simply romantic,
And oh, such a glorious rest.

The "cure" is extremely delightful;
We rise and retire with the sun;
With three in our tent it is quite full;
We've five, but it adds to the fun.
'Tis true we can't sleep for the clamour,
Mosquitos, of course, are a pest,
But somehow it adds to the glamour
To feel that we're earning our rest.

Don't think that I'm horribly lonely,
For hundreds of people are down,
And all of them sociable, only
Not quite what one meets up in town;
They're rather aggressively merry,
Their manners not always the best,
But though they are quarrelsome (very),
I'm having a glorious rest.

Then, come, dearest PHYLLIS, and try it,
Our living will please you, I know,
We feed on the simplest of diet,
And things are deliciously slow;
Quit London, have done with your shopping;
Pack up, and come down as my guest,
And see if the "pleasures of hopping"
Don't amply make up for "the rest!"

GEMS OF ADVERTISEMENTS, READ LITERALLY.



"A lady wishes to let a compact residence (Bath) for the winter months."



"A fine flat in Piccadilly; Waring decorations."



"Comfortable Inn, Beds (old-fashioned and creeper-clad). Present occupiers been there 40 years. Capital opportunity for gentleman's servant wishing to retire. Beer and spirits free."



"3,000 ft. above sea-level, small seat, commanding beautiful views of surrounding country. Church adjoins."

ARE OUR HEADS GROWING BIGGER?

IN an illuminating interview which appears in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER maintains that heads generally are increasing in size, "the reason being that the intellect and the emotions are more freely exercised than they were. With the increase of mental exercise there is a corresponding enlargement of heads, though, of course, in the case of those who merely vegetate there is no growth of brain." We are glad to be able to throw further light on this fascinating topic, thanks to the researches of an eminent craniologist, who, however, desires to remain anonymous.

One of the strangest cranial coincidences on record is the fact that the two famous interviewers, Mr. RAYMOND BLATHBIE and Mr. HAROLD BERTHWAYT take exactly the same size in hats, 7½. Here, however, the resemblance ends, for while Mr. BLATHBIE is a man of gigantic stature, Mr. BERTHWAYT only scales 11 st.

Sir OLIVER LODGE's wonderful dome-shaped head, which has so striking a resemblance to that of PERICLES, has been growing steadily since he went to live at Birmingham. His anthropometric measurements are indeed remarkable, for while he is only 40 in. round the chest he is just on 48 round the head. No stock size in hats fits him, and Messrs. LINNETT AND BENCOLN have to retain a special assistant, who is exclusively employed to minister to the needs of their massive-brained customer. Recently asked to account for the cause of this phenomenal development, Sir OLIVER attributed it to the extraordinarily intellectual atmosphere of Birmingham. Personally he regrets his frontal distension, as it renders him too conspicuous in a crowd, and leads to occasional collisions in negotiating a narrow doorway.

Mr. HARRY DE QUEUX, the famous Arctic explorer, diplomatist, and novelist, in the course of a recent interview with a representative of *The Hatter and Capper*, gave some

astonishingly interesting details as to the strange fluctuations in size of his own cranium according to the nature of the company he kept. To express the matter with scientific accuracy, he found that the bulk of his head varied in a direct ratio with the rank of his interlocutor. Thus, after interviewing a Kaiser, or witnessing the marriage of an ex-Crown Princess, he simply could not insert his head into a hat of normal size, and on more than one occasion had

vidious comparisons with the mighty men of the past.

Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE endorsed what Dr. HOLLANDER had said about big heads not monopolising intellect. Idiots, vegetarians, and wearers of Harris tweed had invariably large heads. The concentrated experience of centuries was contained in the term "fathead," which expressed the *ne plus ultra* of contempt.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that he could not swear his head had grown since he had dethroned SHAKSPEARE, because he never wore a tall hat, and was generally photographed without head-gear. Large heads were commonly found in the criminal classes, such as archbishops, publishers, and the like. For his own part he had cultivated not size, but hardness. From earliest youth he had stood on his head, and invariably wrote in that position.



ADVANCEMENT.

Miss A. "AND THAT NEPHEW OF YOURS WHO—ER—RAN AWAY, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND JOINED THE ARMY, HOW IS HE GETTING ON?"

Miss B. (proudly). "OH, VERY WELL INDEED. HE'S JUST BEEN MADE PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE LANCE-CORPORAL OF HIS REGIMENT."

to remain bareheaded for forty-eight hours.

Asked as to the probable effect on his brain of his forthcoming sojourn in the Arctic regions, Mr. DE QUEUX cautiously observed that, while frost contracted metals, it undoubtedly tended to expand water, as might be seen from the familiar and distressing experience of the British householder during a severe winter. Further asked whether it was true that his head was bigger than Mr. GLADSTONE's, Mr. DE QUEUX modestly declined to challenge in-

long series of undeserved catastrophes is ended; then I step gracefully in with these few well-chosen words of counsel, and a remedy suggested by a wide experience. For, strange as it may seem, I too have lost at Golf; I can appreciate your sufferings.

You would like to creep behind him, as he stands grinning there, and brain him with your already overworked niblick. You would like to tell him exactly what you think of his character, his appearance, his ancestry, and, above all, his Luck.

HOW TO LOSE AT GOLF.

PLEASE do not misunderstand this rather misleading title. I do not propose to teach you how to go round a course in a greater number of strokes than your opponent. That feat I leave with some confidence to your own skill, to the bad lies that you invariably encounter, and to the almost demoniacal luck of the other man. These things will do the business for you quite satisfactorily without need of any hints from me.

But when they have done it; when the child of fortune you are playing has run down the final putt that makes him three and two; when your

But do not, I beg you, do any of these things. It would be a confession of weakness.

And yet I admit that your provocation is very keen. He has the power at this moment of inflaming you by whatever course he adopts. If he is merely silent, you feel that he is an ungracious churl, and that he might say something about that long putt you missed, or about that really brilliant shot that was so unjustly punished. You are certain that in his place you would do this. On the other hand, if he concedes with you, and remarks with a self-satisfied smirk that he has had all the luck (which is the case, of course), you will hate him very bitterly for his patronage; and reflect that he might at least have the good taste to be silent. Oh yes! I am on your side, dear reader. Your opinion of the man is justified.

But do not reveal the hemorrhage of your heart to him; do not let him guess your agony. Remember the Red Indian at the stake, the Cabinet Minister at heckling-time, and strive to imitate the nobility of their bearing. For if by your demeanour you indicate the anguish that you are enduring you give a double gratification to your foe. So you must not even be silent; you must force yourself to smile and say something pleasant. These things are hard, oh, my brother, and you, as I know well, are weak. I also have been there. So for your benefit, and incidentally for my own, I have patented a small invention which will shortly be upon the market.

I call it the Golfer's Gag. The aptness and alliteration of this title cost me much thought, but I did not grudge it. It is a neat little walnut-shaped instrument of polished metal, and may readily be carried in any pocket. Upon the last green take it from its place of concealment and slip it into your mouth after first pressing the spring. You have now done all that is required; the Golfer's Gag will do the rest.

The thing is made upon the principle of those pear-shaped gags so freely used by ancient torturers. The spring that you have pressed will slowly expand the instrument, rendering speech upon your part quite impossible, and at the same time gradually contorting your features into a pleasing smile. By the time that your conqueror looks up from his last putt you will be ready for him with a grin that will amaze him. It will be expressive of keen enjoyment and a rich sense of humour.

The Golfer's Gag is made in all shapes



Head Master. "HOW IS IT YOU ARE ALWAYS LAST IN YOUR FORM?"

Jones Minor. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE YOUNGEST BOY."

Head Master. "VERY WELL, YOU MAY GO THIS TIME; BUT YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED IF YOU MAKE THAT EXCUSE ALL YOUR LIFE."

and sizes to suit all mouths. Ladies can wear them; indeed, if I am not misinformed, they should supply a long-felt want in female matches.

But this is not all. The G.G. contains a tiny record that is capable of emitting a single sentence. The squeakiness of the record has proved a difficulty, but nothing is wholly perfect in this world, and the winner will perhaps be too elated to notice his victim's tones. Besides, he will (I hope) have a G.G. in his own pocket.

I may say here that the composi-

tion of the sentence has proved the most delicate and laborious portion of my titanic undertaking. I have striven after something neat and snappy and yet refined, and in the one for the use of the male golfer I flatter myself that I have attained it. The sentence runs as follows:—"Many congratulations; it must be a rare pleasure for you to win!"

The Golfer's Gag for ladies differs in no respect from the gentlemen's except that it has the word "dear" inserted after "congratulations."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HOLBROOK JACKSON (late of Leeds—you must ask him to tell you all about Leeds) is extremely irritated with you and me because (it seems) we are quite incapable of comprehending BERNARD SHAW. But even in his irritation he does not forget to be generous. He might easily have passed by, with avowed head, on the other side; instead, he crosses over and harangues us, and when it is time for him to return to Leeds (oh, I forgot—he has left Leeds now)—when it is time for him to go, he leaves us his book, *Bernard Shaw: A Monograph* (E. GRANT RICHARDS), and if we want to know more, why no doubt a postcard to the old address would do it. You must read the book, if only for the preface. The author has got Mr. HOLBROOK JACKSON there very nicely, so that you feel as if you had known him for years. Afterwards, if you are still an admirer of BERNARD SHAW (it is a test for the bravest—the "Ordeal by Jackson"; I have just survived it), you should read *The Court Theatre* (A. H. BULLEN), a commentary and criticism by DESMOND MCCARTHY. There you really will find much about Mr. SHAW's plays that is helpful and interesting.

Two books about Norway make simultaneous appearance, a little late for those contemplating a visit unless they be converts to the opinion diligently spread by shrewd Norwegians that winter is the best time to explore the country. In both, pictures form a prominent and pleasing feature. *Norway and its Fjords* (METHUEN) are described by Mr. M. A. WYLLIE, his kinsman the R.A. contributing sixteen charming illustrations in colour. Among them may be mentioned the sketch of a timber barque off Stavanger—a real ship on a live ocean—and a dainty sketch of Christiania seen from Holmenkollen. In *The Norwegian Fjords* (A. & C. BLACK), Mr. HEATON COOPER is his own interpreter with pencil and brush. He modestly disclaims literary merit for his work, hoping that the reader will find compensation for lack in that respect by study of reproductions of his water colour sketches. It would be rude to contradict him in his appreciation of the literary style of his work. And it has the merit of honest unadorned effort in recording personal experience. Mr. WYLLIE is more ambitious. The reader suffers accordingly by long extracts from the Sagas, and a few chapters of the mythical history of a fascinating land. Taken apart, better still packed together, the books provide pleasant companionship for a trip to Norway. At a time when there is much talk about the simple life, Mr. COOPER's testimony of how it is lived in the peasants' homes in Norway is interesting.

and may be useful. At 6 a.m. the bread-winner has a snack of oatmeal cake and buttermilk. Two hours later the chief meal of the day is served, consisting of fish, with boiled, salted or dried mutton, and potatoes. At mid-day he tucks into oatmeal porridge and buttermilk. At 4 p.m. dried, smoked or salted fish, with potatoes and buttermilk, appear on the generous board. At 8 p.m. his thoughts turn tenderly to oatmeal porridge and milk. After which he is presumably assisted to his bed, with the certain prospect of more buttermilk at dawn of day. How would this suit our friends who jeer at the succulent joint, and mock themselves of the meek mutton chop?

We have no luck, *nous autres*. We don't get our fair share of the Thrills (and Frills) of life. They all seem to go to the heroes of melodramatic romance. You or I might sit in the *salon* of a Paris hotel till we were Rip Van Winkles, and never a ravishing stranger would drop a note on our plate asking us, as we were Englishmen, to "follow the blue car," and rescue Beauty in Distress. Even if she did, we should probably hesitate, and our chance be lost. But Geoffry Hardinge, England's prize amateur motorist, was born under a luckier star, and was made of sterner stuff. When his opportunity came he seized it like a man. *The Lady of the Blue Motor* (JOHN LONG) and her affairs led him a pretty dance, chiefly in 60 h.p. cars, to and fro between Paris and London, in the course of which he had much ado to save her and himself from the machinations of a French Count, a villain of the most approved type. An eliminating trial in the Isle of Man, a race between villain and hero for the *Coupe des Amateurs*, a Covent Garden ball, and several painful interviews with an accommodating *juge d'instruction* on a charge of murder are the chief ingredients of Mr. G. SYDNEY PATERNOSTER's *ragoût à la twentieth century*. To my taste the *sauce piquante* has not had quite enough stirring, and the *juge d'instruction* and the villain are rather overdone. But still, for those who like it, I've no doubt it's all very appetising.

Metempsychosis.

"Mr. Flockhart has lived under three Sovereigns, viz., King George III., Queen Victoria, and King Edward VII."—*The People's Journal*.

WHAT was he doing when GEORGE IV. and WILLIAM IV. were on the throne? Perhaps he was a small rabbit.

Things one wishes one could have said oneself.

"Without any desire to minimise the merit of that goal, it must be said that it was one of those flying efforts that comes off nine times out of ten, and not always then."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.



Oldest Inhabitant (as he pockets the twenty-fourth tip he has received in the course of the day). "Too OLD AT FORTY? NOT FOR THIS JOB. WHAT OH!"